THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Samuel D. Patterson & Co., Publishers.

NUMBER NINETY-EIGHT CHESNUT STREET.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1847. WHOLE NO. 1375.

Original Poetry.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A SABBATH'S REST.

[We are indebted for the following fine poem, to our esteemed correspondent, Henry Morford. Parts of it would not be unworthy the pen of Byron.]

The blessing of the weary on Thy name,
God of the Sabbath!—Thou whose stern command
Set labor as the rent of mankind's shame,
And toil's wasting toll ordained but unto death,
We bless Thee that the moment ever came
When we might loosen labor's heavy load,
And set the ox from his harsh harness free,
And learn by our ease, without his rite, might be.
It is not that the heavy arrest of toil
Stands on our brows, through all the live-long day—
It is not that the sun's eternal smile
Comes on us with a hot and burning ray—
It is not that our hands are all the while
Bronzed in the sun, and blackened in the clay—
It is that mind and heart grow faint and low
With labor's stress and care's unwearied flow
From day to day our thoughts are of the world—
From day to day we struggle to the end—
From day to day our very hearts are rotted
Close against love and mercy, and we bend
No thought upon the thousands who are hurled,
Down the dark path of shame, without a friend:
From day to day one cannot live for God—
Man with what burden and cold averted eye.
The blessing of the weary on Thy name,
God of the Sabbath! that there is a time
When man forgets his work, for very shame;
When Pride dull Covetous, treads the moment, Under
When, from a thousand grassful hearts, the flame
Goes up unstained, and holy and undefiled,
When Truth and Virtue breathe no fiden balm,
And even Vice and Incest their garments calm.
The Sabbath sun is o'er us, we have had
The week's harsh cares and cold concerns away
Like a homeward road (as grows a weary road)
The holy spot where hearts come home to pray
The sacred Eden by remembrance made.
Is there with them—as of Eden day,
We are, beneath a Sabbath sunlight, blest,
And even all the sweeter though we rest?
Rest for the weary! In the furrow, now
With the tired cattle loitered from their toil
The child of the fallcloth long the day through,
That to the sheeted sun upturns the soil,
And the sweet laborer, whose dear earnest love
Glows out the slow drops of fragrance, like odor—
On his head—entered from the hot harvest-wade,
Sits with his children round him in the shade
The horse is free to-day, no master's hand
Lifts up the rein between the fields and lands
He's a brother, too, with his own wagon with a load.
Nor strain his mighty nerves once each
To raise the corner on his constructed stand.
And was has not the passing stranger's track
Is entered—it is heard—in all people's mood.
Today he generous, and kind, and good
There is no rare second one every one
Is honored from the lowliest to the noblest mood
Seems on this rein and gentle day, to run.
To the dumb harbinger of the flocks and herds
All hearts a law like that of labor done.
All hearts a law like that of labor done.
All hearts a law like that of labor done.
We are, beneath a Sabbath's sunlight, blest,
And over all the sweetest thought is rest.

Mediterranean. N. P. WILLIS.

Original Tales.

THE IRON WILL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY HENRY G. LEE.

"Fanny! I've lost one word more to say on the subject. It you marry that fellow, I'll have nothing to do with you. You will do it, and you may be assured that I'll adhere to my determination."

Thus spoke, with a frowning brow and a stern voice, the father of Fanny Crawford, while the maiden sat with eyes bent upon the floor.

"He's a worthless, good-for-nothing fellow," resumed the father; "and if you marry him, you send a life of misery. Don't come back to me, for I will disown you the day you take his name. I've said it, and my decision is unalterable."

Still Fanny made no answer, but sat like a statue.

"Lay to heart what I have said, and make your election, girl." And with these words, Mr. Crawford retired from the presence of his daughter.

On that evening Fanny Crawford left her father's house, and was secretly married to a young man named Logan, whom, spite of all his faults, she tenderly loved.

When this fact became known to Mr. Crawford, he angrily repeated his threat of utterly disowning his child; and he meant what he said, for he was a man of stern purpose and unbending will. When, trusting to the love she believed him to bear for her, Fanny ventured home, she was not only repulsed, and told that she no longer had a father. Those cruel words fell upon her heart, and even now, rested there, an oppressive weight.

Logan was a young mechanic, full of high hopes and the ability to earn a comfortable living. But Mr. Crawford's objection to him was well founded, and it would have been much better for Fanny if she had permitted his addresses to cease, for the young man was idle in his habits, and Mr. Crawford too clearly saw that idleness would lead to dissipation. The fact that he was poor, was not all, for when his child would have deterred her from taking the step he so strongly disapproved. He had, in fact, made this threat in a last effort to save her from a union that would, inevitably, lead to unhappiness. But having made the last attempt and offended pride caused him to adhere with stern inflexibility to his word.

When Fanny turned from under her father's roof, the old man was left alone. The mother of his only child had been many years dead. For her father's sake, as well as for her own, she had fondly wish to return. She loved her parent with a most earnest affection; but it was not strong enough to bring glowing and companionless in that home so long made light and cheerful by her voice and smile. Hours and hours would she wrestle in the night, thinking of her father, and weeping for the estrangement of his heart from her. Still, there was in her bosom a spirit that would not let her relent. And to this she clung, though he pained, her in the stern and resolute looking of her, and steadily denied her admission, when, in the hope of some change in his stern purpose, she would go to his house and seek to gain an interview.

As the father had predicted, Logan added in the course of a year or two, dissipation to idle habits, and neglect of his wife to both. Had he been a housekeeping on a small way, when first married, and had lived comfortably enough for some time. But Logan did not like work, and made every excuse he could find to take a holiday, or be absent from the shop. The effect of this was soon felt in his rent income. Debt came with its mortifying and harrassing accompaniments, and furniture had to be sold to pay them. Then came the climax of the wail. With two little children, Fanny was turned by her husband into a cheap boarding-house, after their last comfortable home and all its furniture into which she was here thrown, was farther from being agreeable; but this would have been no source of unhappiness in itself. Cheerfully would she have breathed the uncongenial atmosphere, if there had been nothing in the conduct of her husband to awaken feelings of anxiety. But, alas! there was much to create unhappiness here. Idle days were more frequent; and the consequences of idle days more and more serious. From his work, he would come home sober and cheerful; but after spending a day or two in the groggeries, a spell of which he was fond, he would meet his wife with a sullen, disconcerted aspect, and, too often, in a state little above intoxication.

"I'm afraid thy son-in-law is not doing very well, friend Crawford," said a plain-spoken Quaker to the father of Mrs. Logan, after the young man's habits began to show themselves too plainly in his appearance.

Mr. Crawford knit his brows, and drew his lips closely together.

"Has thee been young Logan, lately?"

"I don't know the young man," replied Mr. Crawford, with an impatient motion of his head.

"Does't know thy own son-in-law? The husband of thy daughter?"

"I have no son-in-law! No daughter!" said Crawford, with stern emphasis.

"Frances was the daughter of thy wedded wife, friend Crawford."

"But I have disowned her. I forewarned her of the consequences if she married that young man. told her that I would cast her off for ever; and I have done it."

"But friend Crawford, thee has done wrong."

"I've said it, and I'll stick to it."

"But thee has done wrong, friend Crawford," repeated the Quaker.

"Right or wrong, it is done, and I will not recall the act. I gave her fair warning; but she took her own course, and now she must abide the consequences. When I say a thing, I mean it. I never eat my words."

"Friend Crawford," said the Quaker, in a steady tone, and with his calm eyes fixed upon the face of the man he addressed. "Thee was wrong to say what thee did. Thee had no right to cast off thy child. I saw her to-day, passing slowly along the street. Her dress was thin and faded, but not so thin and faded as her pale, young face. Ah! if thee could have seen the sadness of that countenance. Friend Crawford! she is thy child still. She cannot disown her."

"I never change," replied the resolute father.

"She is the child of thy beloved wife, now in Heaven, friend Crawford."

Crawford was troubled by what the Quaker said; but more troubled by what he saw a few minutes afterwards, as he walked along the street, on the person of Logan, who, with a child in each arm, and a young man, supported by two others—so much intoxicated that he could not stand alone. And in this state he was going home to his wife—to Fanny!

The father clenched his hands, set his teeth firmly together, and walked on unnoticed upon the other side of the street. Logan and his burden turned into the boarding-house keeper's door.

"Rash words are bad enough," said the Quaker, to himself, "but how much worse it it abide by rash words after there has been time for calm reflection and repentance?"

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1847.

TERMS.

Single copies, $5 per annum in advance—$6 if not paid in advance.

For $5 in advance one copy will be sent three years To Clubs we make the following liberal offers:

4 COPIES,	$8.00 PER ANNUM.
8 "	$16.00 " "
12 "	$24.00 " "
16 "	$30.00 " "

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance.

Letters will not be taken from the Post Office unless the postage is paid.

Remarks must always cross the Post Office counter free, as well as that to which the paper is to be sent.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Davidite.—Our correspondents are remarkably unlucky this week, or else we are in a more ardent mood than common. "Dr. Bolton's Sight of the Pacific."

A Rainy Day," "We Cannot Cannot Part," and "Look Up and Never Despair," are all more respectfully, but not less decidedly, rejected. We would say one our friends, however, in the language of the last mentioned piece, to "look up and never despair."

To a friend in Easton, Md.—We cannot tell, we wonder, that we think that the letter he sends us hardly sensible for publication. We will, however, continue to say cyphers as he may direct.

TO SUBSCRIBERS

As the Post Office regulation relative to Drafts has been repealed, subscribers will have to count the risk of the bursting current funds direct to us. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

THE THUGS OF INDIA.

We have been much interested in an article which appeared in a late number of Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, giving the particulars of an attempt which has been successfully made in India, to convert into quiet and useful citizens, a large community of that hardened and dangerous race of murderers, the Thugs or Stranglers. It there appeared a people so much in crime and superstition, that it almost seemed to be a matter of a sentence of extermination should be pronounced against them by the war of the human race, the Thugs of India were that people. They were hereditary murderers. Murder was the business of their lives; in their religious creed, the great end and aim of their existence. They would plunder the unoffending traveller they had strangled; but they would murder him if they could, even if they knew there was nothing upon him to plunder. It seemed as if they were "possessed," to use Scriptural language, "with a devil." We say such a people the Thugs were, for, as we learn from the article in question, the whole race of Thugs has been dispersed and broken, and a system that had been for hundreds of years rooted in habit and religion, destroyed.

The first steps taken to break up this fatal conspiracy of a whole tribe against human nature, were stern and sanguinary. Upwards of a thousand Thug families were apprehended, and sent off in Jubilipoor for trial—and it is said to have been no uncommon thing to see in a single morning from fifteen to twenty five of these wretches swinging upon the gallows. This seemingly necessary severity struck terror into the hearts of the whole race—they abandoned their occupation in terror, and it is now believed an end has been put to their infamous practices.

But of the number that were not hung, 450 men with their wives and children had been collected in a walled village built for their reception, the men being carefully locked up at night in the jail at Jubilipoor; and it was out of these unpromising materials that an attempt was to be made to produce an industrious and peaceful community.

We have not space to mention the various modes pursued to bring about this laudable result. It is sufficient to say that the efforts of an energetic British Lieutenant of the name of Reeves, were in the end completely successful. His progress at first was slow and discouraging; but at the end of two years, the converts were ready to open shops, were common carpeting, make coarse towels, &c., all of which were sold at Jubilipoor and the surrounding stations.

The children also were set to work, and with them, as was to be expected, the result was still more gratifying. Among other things they were put to the manufacture of cotton cloth; but unluckily, when they came to sell it, they found the long cloths of another hemisphere offered in the bazaar at two shillings for six yards, while for the same money they could not afford more than seven of their own, as coarse as dowlas. This now, of course, remained unsalable. "Read this, man of Manchester!" says the Indian correspondent of Chambers's Journal, "in the valley of the Nerbudda, where cotton is cheaper than in any part of India, and where labor is the cheapest in the world —being six shillings a month he weavers who will work with an Indian loom twice as long as that in that valley you can sell cheaper cloth than is produced at the very door of its inhabitants, although, to say nothing of the two voyage of so many thousand miles, you have to bring your manufacture eight hundred miles inland, and pay duty on it four times after it has left Calcutta!"

The cloth made by the Thugs, however, was used for making tents, and though this had been supposed to require expert workmen, no one now saw a difficulty in teaching the Thugs anything. In consequence of its account, the second hand—

From the year 1840 to 1847, this establishment has increased tenfold: it has now upwards of a twenty large workshops, built a good style by the Thugs themselves; and among the hands are one hundred and fifty women, most of whom earn more than ordinary workmen in the town. The original hour hundred and fifty wanderers by birth and profession, who have thus been brought into habits of industry, are represented as exhibiting every appearance of contentment and comfort; their children are growing up respectable and educated members of the new form of society of which they are a part; their wives keep their houses and village clean, and add to the family funds by spinning thread at their leisure hours, which is purchased in the factory. The wages paid to them average £3 a month; and the goods sold exceed £500 a month. In fine, the purely military part of the Government has been already returned, and the establishment supports itself.

In much for humanity, and patient endurance! And yet it is only right to add that the Thugs, with all their faults, were not more ignorant and brutal wretches, who murdered entirely from an innate ferocity of character. Much of their bloodshed, indeed, one of desperation was natural, but much also was the result of a fierce fanaticism. Believing themselves, as they have expressed it, the blind instruments of a higher power, sent into the world for the purpose of delivering it from the objects of Divine wrath—as which designation they included all whom chance, or, as they termed it, *fate*, threw into their hands.

GIVING CREDIT.

The editor of the Germantown Telegraph complains, in his last paper, his complaints of his brethren of the press, for not giving the Telegraph credit, when they copy articles that are suggested in its columns. In addition to an article in the Boston Rambler, the Telegraph says:—"We exchange with the Rambler, and know it must have seen that the article was original in our paper. Now we do not think that it follows at all, that the editor of the Rambler intended to be exchanged with the Telegraph, "must" have known that the piece was original with that paper. For we are strangers with the contents of the Telegraph that contains the above charge against the Boston Rambler, contains also, on its first page, a poem entitled "The Tiller of the Soil," which was written for, and originally published in the Post, by our friend, David L. Roath; and yet it appears in the Telegraph, without the due credit being given to us. Suppose we were to say to the Telegraph, as the Telegraph says to the Rambler, "We exchange with you, Mayor, and know you must have seen that 'The Tiller of the Soil' was originally published in our columns?" Would the Telegraph think such an imputation just or courteous? We answer not: and we shall be very far from making such a charge, for we have no doubt the editor of the Telegraph was entirely ignorant of the source from which the piece in question originated. We thank we have our friend, the Mayor, "on the hip," this time.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

The popular and accomplished authoress is now on a visit to this city, where she expects to remain during the winter. The hundreds of our city people who have a curiosity to see her, have only to drop a sharp look out at concerts and other places of public amusement, for a handsome young lady, with a magnificent pair of dark hated eyes.

CLAIM FOR DAMAGES.

In the trial which is now going on to recover from the county of Philadelphia, the value of St. Augustine's Church and of the parsonage house, destroyed in the famous riots of other eighteen hundred, various curious and interesting particulars relative to both have been brought forward, for the most of which we are indebted to the report of the Ledger. There was a large library in the parsonage, and consisted of theological, controversial, devotional, and historical books, many of which were very rare and valuable. A copy of the Bible, printed in 1680, was among them; also a Bible in thirty volumes, another in six folios, a Polyglot, and five hundred other Bibles. There was a complete collection of the works of the Fathers of the Church, from the third century down. The complete works of Luther were in the collection, as also the Puritanical Catholic and Infidel works. The library was of the choicest works, and valued at $12,500. The books were thrown into the street and destroyed in the burning. The church contained many fine paintings, and a full length representation of the crucifixion, sculptured in wood, and executed by the contemporary of the Philadelphia artist Wm. Rush.

The history of the latter building was given in the opening of plaintiff's counsel; it was erected in 1839, the funds being raised by subscription. General Washington, the latter put in for $50. Governor McKean and others subscribed, but the greater amount was raised by the contributions of the poorer portion of the congregation. In erecting the last was the clergyman connected with the congregation, repaired to the trenches below Fort Mifflin, and there, under the cover of cannon against threatened attacks by the British. In 1820, the parsonage house was opened as a asylum for the poor, and the attendance of the clergymen to the victims of disease. No distinction was made as their creeds, as to be religion; and 699 patients there, 409 were Protestant, and only 36 Catholics.

In 1836, a copula was erected at an expense of $2,000, in which was placed a bell, the first bell which were in the State House steeple during the Revolutionary War. The damages claimed of the County amount to all over one hundred thousand forty of which were for the church; but the amount awarded was only seventeen thousand, and that was quite a large building, seventy feet front by one hundred and twenty deep. We were present at the conflagration, and while we felt deeply interested with sadness at the madness of the people, we could not but acknowledge that it was one of the most carefully appointed nights we ever knew. The law agt new converts are to run into excess, and the wonder was the more when the fire was put down their lives to establish. This, we have no doubt, is Mr. Brownson's case. We cannot suppose that a mind such as his, can be at rest with Hughes, or the intelligent members of the Roman Catholic Church generally, can peruse the above report by Mr. Brownson without a sense of humiliation and sorrow and condemnation.

GOOD NEWS.

Our readers in all parts of the Union, who feel that a stain upon one State is indirectly a blemish upon all, will be pleased to learn that a great effort is now on his way to Europe, for the purpose of making such arrangements with the holders of Mississippi stock, as will relieve the people of that part of that State. In a letter to the editors of the New York Herald, dated at Jackson, gentlemen in question, states that the recent election for Chief Justice in Mississippi was made to turn upon the question of Repudiation, and that the party had the success of the Anti-Repudiation candidate. We know that the Repudiation party in Mississippi have been very much slandered during the past year—that they did *not* take the ground that a State has a right to repudiate its contracts; that the State State was betrayed by dishonest agents, and that the contracts in question were clearly in violation of the law. But, even supposing such to be the case, they would have been in favor of paying the Bonds, and punishing the wrong doers. We have heard it stated that the British Government never refuses to pay a draft of any of its agents in other countries, although they may be embezzled to the tune of millions. And that if England will invariably cash any counterfeit which may be put in circulation by her gentlemen in quiring the name of the presenter, and of whom he received it. This is on the principle that the Government is responsible for every act of its officers, its agents and its subjects or citizens—a principle which has been adopted in Pennsylvania, so far as we are informed, in which a city treasurer is held answerable for all the damage which may ensue to the property of unoffending persons therefrom.

ESTATE OF MR. MACLURE.

We have received a letter from Philadelphia, stating that the estate of William MacClure, formerly of New Harmony, Indiana, had been left for the benefit of scientific purposes. Correspondent desired and perverted by those who had the management of it. So far from this being the case, the Academy of Natural Sciences in this city, after receiving not a penny, has had to pay out of its own funds large sums, with instructions for use, and I am happy to say that during that time the decline fell from the estate.

DEATH OF WALKER.

Sargeant J. C. Reynolds, of the Pennsylvania Volunteers, who has arrived in New Orleans, has furnished the Picayune with the following account of the death of Capt. Walker. The engagement was in the battle of Huamantla, and received Walker in his arms, as he fell mortally wounded:

He says that when he reached the spot, Walker, with about sixty men, was battling with a Mexican force of about three times their number in fair play. Looking and being his ride with the most perfect coolness, and encouraging his men to stand firm. At the same instant, a lock shot in the right side of Walker, penetrating to the heart, and he fell dead, and an escapette ball in the left side of his back, which passed through the body, and out at the right breast. As he fell, the doctor proposed to Walker to take him out of the conflict, in which he replied that it was not worth while, as he had had a mortal wound, and that he would die only would be uttered after receiving his wounds.

And such was all that story of the Mexican lancer, the last words he was heard to say were, as we said, "This world," or Fainted says, "is horribly given to lying."

EDGAR A. POE.

The last number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine, contains the following just and judicious criticism upon a volume of Tales, written by Edgar A. Poe:

No one can read these tales, then close the volume as he may with a thousand other tales, and not feel that they are unique: what manner of book he has been reading. Commonplace it the last epithet that can be applied to them, all of them are strange, powerful—more strange than pleasing, and powerful without reference to the rank of genius. The author is a strong-headed man, which quality he sometimes excludes for a time, and, at long times, strong-headed also. With little taste, and with little graphic power, one unconscious author can reach an artist on the anatomical model of the Medicean Venus, and that is the case with every other sort of Venus. In fine, one is not sorry to have read these tales; one has no desire to read them twice.

We trust Mr. Poe will be pleased with the above criticism, for it contains no censure in it; and essentially the one posterity will pass upon his writings.

MEXICAN RUMORS.

We have rumors from Mexico. One of a plot of France and England to establish a monarchy in that country—another of an attempt to divide it into two states, and sonnet it to the United States. In relation to the first rumor, the Washington Union says, that it places no confidence in it; and as to the last, it purports on its face to be a scheme of the "stock-jobbers," which renders its success or its probability whatever. Stock-jobbers are always ready with their schemes to raise the price of stocks, but they have as little ability to carry them out, as such a country as Mexico, as if they were the veriest lingoes.

O. A. BROWNSON.

Our readers will remember that the able but somewhat eccentric gentleman, whose name appears at the head of this article, joined the Catholic Church some years ago, of which church, in the person of Bishop Hughes, he is a distinguished member. Mr. Brownson, before his conversion to Catholicism, was a leading writer in one of the various Protestant sects, having been, we believe, not merely a minister of it, except for the purpose of preaching occasionally, but a "local" or "settled," and for one, we are heartily glad of it. But we are very not surprised, that in all his writings, Mr. Brownson has been unable to find that rest for which he has long been sighing. He has not yet learned properly to appreciate the Divine Christian virtues, without which, as the Apostle tells us, even faith and charity itself are other imperfect, is but as "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal"—no means by which we can become of Charity. That our readers, both Protestant and Catholic, may see that we are perfectly warranted in speaking as we have done, we have taken an extract from a recent article of Mr. Brownson's:

"There is hardly a city in the Union in which there are not benevolent ladies headed together, practising self denial, and giving their means even to gain Heaven, if accompanied by faith and charity, who make it a business to deck out poor children, and with sweetmeats, and fine dresses and flattering words, entice them from religious, lure them from God, to be brought up in the faith of who redeemed them, of the Spiritual Mother who bore them in her bosom, and who has a right to claim for the small and his angels. And these charming ladies are the most respectable of the sex, the flower of charity, that they are serving God, that He will reward them in heaven, that they are doing creatures, who are nothing more nor less than professional *kid nappers*. Is this severe? Is it not terrible information? *As if it were not two thousand years since the Saviour of the world declared that it were better to death before one eyes than that they should be the cause of scandal to one!*"

Now we have no sectarian feeling in this matter. We trust we have shown in the management of this paper, that we are not the enemies of the Catholics, when it is deserved, as to Protestants. We have not hesitated to speak of the present great head of the Roman Church in terms of the very highest eulogy; and we therefore shall proceed to express our sentiments, and those of Mr. Brownson, as expressed in the extract we have quoted, most bigoted and unchristian. If we have not Mr. Brownson's exact words, we have the substance of his sentiments, and while we do this with sadness at the madness of the people, we could not but acknowledge that it was one of the most carefully appointed nights we ever knew. The law agt new converts are to run into excess, and the wonder was the more when the fire was put down their lives to establish. This, we have no doubt, is Mr. Brownson's case. We cannot suppose that a mind such as his, can be at rest with Hughes, or the intelligent members of the Roman Catholic Church generally, can peruse the above report by Mr. Brownson without a sense of humiliation and sorrow and condemnation.

PRIME, WARD & CO.

We are indebted to the New York Daguerreotype for the following interesting sketch of "the rise and fall of the great New York house of Prime, Ward & Co."

Many years ago—we know not how many—there lived in the town of Boston, Mass., a merchant by the name of Prime. He had a son, the Rev. Dr. David Hall, who "took to himself a wife," and had a family of children. Among them was a fine, black hair and pale cheeks. The young lady became a favorite with the boys, and was called "the pale maiden," "spitting wood," and other by the "light of the village."

As the parlor and boy ripened in strength, his ardent admirer grew paler and weaker, and at last his big eyes were half obscured out of his head by the dark circles which settled in the big city of Boston. Often was the maiden to be seen, leaning on her mother's bosom, and her father, as he sat by her side, and of a business turn, he was one day put down his book, and said to his wife, "Mother, Will you come and be my clerk?"

The young lady accepted, became a book-keeper, and Nat Prime was henceforth called, by the boys, "Mother's clerk," and "Mother's boy." The young clerk proved himself not only a faithful and capable servant, but like Joseph of old, gained the esteem and respect of his employer's wife. Often was the maiden to be seen, when employed the clerk to manage the business on her account. She did not marry the widow or the widow's daughter; a greater destiny was reserved for her. She married the clerk, but not Mrs. Prime's son, entered into the West India trade. At first they were unsuccessful, but at last they got rich, and the daughter of Comfort Sands, an old, highly respectable merchant of this city, became the merchant of this city.

Mr. Prime, the old lady here in Ancient Mythology, becoming jealous of young Prime, blew up the clerk, and the clerk, in his turn, transferred it to the four quarters of the globe. Mr. Prime, however, did not mourn long, and now poverty, want and starvation approached. Mr. Ward, the father of the present Mr. Ward, was a widower and he was left with the fee. He then divided his time between the bottle to conquer or die. He planted a battery in Wall street, but it was unsuccessful, and was a broker's office. He had returned to his old trade of a merchant, and was doing a large business for capital and business. Prime had made friends with Mr. Ward, who threw down the gauntlet to him. The star of his fortune was now rising from the horizon, and Mr. Ward's was declining. The two met, they engaged battle. This was "Sam Ward," at no celebrity, but Mr. Ward Hunt, the brother of the late Gov. Ward, of Revolutionary memory—a man of wealth.

As the business increased, this clerk became a partner, Mr. Ward's son, who was educated for a fortunate banker-on-law, the firm became Prime, Ward & King, and they took a stand at once in the highest reputation in the financial world.

Some ten or twelve years ago, Mr. King died, and the heirs drew out $80,000, his portion of the business. The firm was then what it now is, Prime, Ward & King.

About this time James G. King, son of the celebrated statesman, Rufus King—who had been in a Wall street banking house, and who had left it to join Robert Gracie," having failed, had returned to New York, and had set up for himself. He was now in place of the late Mr. Sands, and the firm now became Prime, Ward & King.

About the same time also, Mr. Prime retired from the bank, built a splendid house in Fifth avenue, and placing his son Edward Prime on the Stock Exchange, he was the principal partner. Mr. Ray soon retired, also drawing out his portion, and somewhat more than the capital he had originally put in the concern.

It was immediately before or after the retirement of Mr. Ray that "young Sam Ward" became a banker; the father retiring with a fortune of $1,000,000, and the son succeeding to the oldest daughter of William B. Astor, and vowed to win her. Old Astor consented, and Mr. Sam Ward will settle $100,000 on his son and admit him to a partnership. Mr. Ward is said to be quite a like sum on my grand-daughter, and my approval of the match. Mr. Ward, the father, was the old man's words, though the precise sum settled on the son we cannot affirm. It is sometimes a hundred thousand dollars, and sometimes a million, but the highest reputation in the financial world.

Some ten or twelve years ago, Mr. King died, and the heirs drew out $80,000, his portion of the business. The firm was then what it now is, Prime, Ward & King.

Mr. Prime, the old lady here in Ancient Mythology, becoming jealous of young Prime, blew up the clerk, and the clerk, in his turn, transferred it to the four quarters of the globe. Mr. Prime, however, did not mourn long, and now poverty, want and starvation approached. Mr. Ward, the father of the present Mr. Ward, was a widower and he was left with the fee. He then divided his time between the bottle to conquer or die. He planted a battery in Wall street, but it was unsuccessful, and was a broker's office. He had returned to his old trade of a merchant, and was doing a large business for capital and business. Prime had made friends with Mr. Ward, who threw down the gauntlet to him. The star of his fortune was now rising from the horizon, and Mr. Ward's was declining. The two met, they engaged battle. This was "Sam Ward," at no celebrity, but Mr. Ward Hunt, the brother of the late Gov. Ward, of Revolutionary memory—a man of wealth.

As the business increased, this clerk became a partner, Mr. Ward's son, who was educated for a fortunate banker-on-law, the firm became Prime, Ward & King, and they took a stand at once in the highest reputation in the financial world.

Some ten or twelve years ago, Mr. King died, and the heirs drew out $80,000, his portion of the business. The firm was then what it now is, Prime, Ward & King.

About this time James G. King, son of the celebrated statesman, Rufus King—who had been in a Wall street banking house, and who had left it to join Robert Gracie," having failed, had returned to New York, and had set up for himself. He was now in place of the late Mr. Sands, and the firm now became Prime, Ward & King.

About the same time also, Mr. Prime retired from the bank, built a splendid house in Fifth avenue, and placing his son Edward Prime on the Stock Exchange, he was the principal partner. Mr. Ray soon retired, also drawing out his portion, and somewhat more than the capital he had originally put in the concern.

It was immediately before or after the retirement of Mr. Ray that "young Sam Ward" became a banker; the father retiring with a fortune of $1,000,000, and the son succeeding to the oldest daughter of William B. Astor, and vowed to win her. Old Astor consented, and Mr. Sam Ward will settle $100,000 on his son and admit him to a partnership. Mr. Ward is said to be quite a like sum on my grand-daughter, and my approval of the match. Mr. Ward, the father, was the old man's words, though the precise sum settled on the son we cannot affirm. It is sometimes a hundred thousand dollars, and sometimes a million, but

United States SATURDAY POST.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

Mr. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa and Wisconsin; assisted by *James R. Smith, T. Gardner Smith, J. T. Dent, E. Y. Jennings, and Frederick J. Hawes.*

JOHN NIMMO, Canada, East and West.

Mr. ISRAEL E. JAMES is our Travelling Agent for the Southern and South-Western States, assisted by *Jas. K. Whipple, William H. Weld, O. H. P. Stem, John B. Weld, Theodore F. Blake, T. S. Waterman, Reuben A. Henry, John Collins, James Deering, Isaac D. Guyer and John W. Wightman*, the two last named in place of B. B. Hussey, deceased.

Mr. HENRY M. LEWIS is our Travelling Agent for Alabama and Tennessee.

THOMAS SEVERN is our Travelling Agent for New York.

WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

JAS. PIERCE, do. in New Jersey.

CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depot of *REDDING & Co., No. 1, State Street, Boston.*
Of ROBINSON & JONES, No. 109 Main Street, Cincinnati.
Of MILTON BOULEMET, Mobile, Alabama.
Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of GEO. W. NOBLE, Louisville, Ky.
Of M. P. MORSE, Pittsburg, Pa.
Of W. TAYLOR & Co., Baltimore Md.
Of SAFFORD & PARK, Norwich, Connecticut.
Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots.

Political Intelligence

NEW YORK.

The official returns show that the aggregate vote of the State at the recent election, is 311,003. In 1844, the aggregate for Governor was 472,148. This shows a diminution in the aggregate vote, comparing this year with 1844, of 161,145. There is a falling off in the Democratic vote of 104,811, and in the Whig vote of 56,334. The Whig majority, on some of the candidates, exceeds 38,000. At the judicial election in June, the Democratic majority ranged from 15,000 to 18,000, showing a difference, or a Democratic loss, in five months, of some 55,000 votes. The Whig vote which elects Fillmore is 12,000 less than the vote given for Gov. Wright last year, and 24,000 less than the vote given for John Young.

THE NEXT PRESIDENCY.

Should the election of President devolve upon the next House of Representatives, it will be seen by the following that neither party would at first be found in the majority.

Whig—Vermont, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Florida, New York, New Jersey, Massachusetts, Delaware, Connecticut, Kentucky, North Carolina, Maryland.—Total, 12.

Democratic—Illinois, Missouri, Michigan, Texas, Virginia, Indiana, Iowa, Tennessee, Arkansas, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi.—Total, 12.

Equally Divided—Georgia, New Hampshire, Rhode Island.—Total, 3.

Doubtful—South Carolina.

WISCONSIN.

The Legislature of Wisconsin, recently convened, has passed an act for the organization of another Convention to form a Constitution for the State. The election was to take place during last month, and the Convention is to meet in January next, the object being to secure a Constitution, and have it submitted to the people at so early a day, that if adopted, the State may be admitted into the Union before the close of the coming session of Congress.

THE PRESIDENCY.

A large and enthusiastic Taylor meeting was recently held at Montgomery, Ala., in which prominent men of both parties participated. Judge Belser, W. D. Yancy, and H. W. Hillard, members of Congress, addressed the meeting. The two former are Democrats and the latter a Whig. The enthusiasm was so great, that the meeting adjourned at a late hour, to assemble again the next evening.

LOUISIANA ELECTION.—The Whigs, it is now ascertained, have carried the Legislature of Louisiana, by a majority of two, certain, on joint ballot, securing to them the United States Senator to be elected. The Congressional delegation stands the same as before.

REPLY TO MR. CLAY'S SPEECH.—A Democratic meeting has been called at Lexington, Ky., to listen to a speech from Robert A. Wickliffe, Esq., in reply to the speech of Mr. Clay, and to pass resolutions sustaining the President and the war.

TENNESSEE.—The Hon. John Bell has been chosen U. S. Senator from Tennessee.

General News.

PREJUDICE AGAINST YANKEES.

The Oneida Morning Herald gives the following clause from the will of Lewis Morris, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. "It will be seen," remarks the Herald, "that the worthy old patriot partook liberally of the prejudices which existed among our honest Dutch fathers against the Yankee race:"

"It is my desire that my son Gouverneur Morris, may have the best education that is to be had in England or America; but my express will and direction are, that he be never sent for that purpose to the Connecticut Colonies, lest he should imbibe in his youth that low craft and cunning, so incident to the people of that country, which is so interwoven in their constitutions that all their art cannot disguise it from the world, though many of them under the sanctified garb of religion, have endeavored to impose themselves on the world for honest men. LEWIS MORRIS.

"1760, Nov. 23."

THE HEMP CROP.

A merchant of St. Louis, writing to the editor of the Cincinnati Gazette, says:—

"The most carefully formed estimates of the hemp crop of the Missouri River, gives the product this year as, in round numbers, 13,000 tons. Add to this the product of the whole west beside, which may be set down at 17,000 tons, and you have an amount equal to 30,000 tons—from this deduct the quantity used in the west in manufactures, say 12,000 tons, and you have for export from 18 to 20,000 tons, or more than equal to the requirements of all the northern seaports, and leaving a considerable quantity for export."

BALLOONING.

A young lady, who accompanied Mr. Gypson, the Æronaut, in his balloon ascent from Birmingham, says:—

"To me the sensations of the ascent possessed a peculiar pleasantness, which it would be difficult to describe. It appeared as if the car of the balloon, together with all connected with it, remained just where it was, while the earth and its inhabitants sank away from us, and left us suspended stationary betwixt earth and Heaven. The beautiful flood of light and soft silver-like scenery that burst forth, it would be in vain for me to attempt to describe."

INFLATED HORSE COLLAR.

A horse collar has been invented in England which must be regarded as a very great improvement. It consists of a tube of India rubber, or other suitable substance, inflated with air, like a life preserver. Its advantages was that it fits the horse exactly, easily, and without undue pressure upon any part, and leaves the breast and the joints of the fore-leg free from the jolting and sudden pressure to which the common collar subjects them. "The merciful man is merciful to his beast," and we hope that this improvement, if found upon trial to be successful, will be generally adopted.

POTATOES.

The Trenton News says:—"Mr. Cummings, a farmer living a short distance from this city, tells us that he exchanged a bushel of potatoes with a friend in Warren county, some months ago. These potatoes were planted, and the crop which they have produced is entirely free from the prevailing rot, while the potatoes by which they were surrounded are badly infected. This is a strong fact, and ought to be followed up with further experiments in changing the seed of the potato."

AN EARTHQUAKE.

The city of Oclolan, in the State of Atlesco, Mexico, was entirely destroyed by an earthquake on the 23d October. So severe was the shock, that not a single house was left standing, and a greater portion of the inhabitants were buried in the ruins. The loss of human life by this sad visitation was very great. The shock was not confined to the city alone, but the surrounding villages and monasteries suffered considerable damage.

A LARGE FAMILY.

The Louisville Journal of a recent date, says:—"Last week there came to Troy, a little town in Indiana, a German family, composed of a man, his wife, and thirty-two children. The children are all girls, and were produced at sixteen births. A gentleman of our city, who has some land in that vicinity, has promised to give them one hundred acres of land, provided their daughters will promise, as they severally come to maturity, to intermarry with the inhabitants of Indiana. The probability is that these girls will make very *overbearing* women."

THE CORN CROP.

The corn crop of this year is estimated at 600,000,000 bushels; in 1845, it was 417,897,000 bushels. The yearly exports from 1791 to 1819, several times arose above a million bushels, sometimes over two millions, but from 1819 to 1845, they did not in any one year amount to a million. In 1846, the exports were 1,826,068 bushels corn, and 298,786 bbls. corn meal. In 1847, the exports have arisen to the enormous quantity of 17,272,815 bushels corn and 945,049 bbls. meal.

THE DEFENSIVE LINE.

The Vicksburg Sentinel, of the 9th ult., says that General Butler stopped a few moments at that place on his way to New Orleans. In conversation with his friends, he made no scruple as to avowing himself in favor of closing the Mexican war by taking a defensive line, as advocated by General Taylor and other distinguished men.

SMOKE PREVENTIVE APPARATUS.—The Pittsburg Gazette gives an account of the successful trial in a cotton factory in Alleghany city, of Williams' "Smoke Preventive Apparatus." It says:—"The experiment has proved completely successful, and will save in this one factory twenty-five bushels of coal a day. While the chimneys of the neigboring factories were yesterday vomiting forth clouds of black smoke that darkened the atmosphere of one of the finest Indian Summer days we have seen, the Smoke Preventive in the cotton factory we have named, consumed all the particles of smoke that dropped almost like rain from other points around us.

NEW YORK MARKETS, NOVEMBER 27.

ASHES—There was a slight reaction in the market in the forenoon; but it lost during 'change. Small sales of Pots were reported at $6,75a6,87½, and sales of 50 bbls Pearls were made at $7,75a7,18¾. Breadstuffs—Flour—Sales of 1200 bbls Oswego were made at $6; 200 bbls Genesee, of pure quality, sold at $6,25; sales of 1500 bbls Genesee, deliverable next month, were made at $6,25; sales of Michigan were made at $6,12½; Southern continued in light supply, and Howard street was steady at $6,37½a6,44; Ohio was scarce and in better demand, with sales at $6,44 for good quality.

WHEAT—Sales of 1000 bushels Genesee were reported at $1,36; 3000 do Delaware sold at $1,32a1,33; 1000 do Ohio sold at $1,31, and 27,000 do do at $1,29. Corn—Sales embraced about 15,000 bushels, including mixed at 73c, and round yellow in separate lots at 75c, part for export. Meal—Sales of 200 bbls New Jersey at $3,50; 300 bbls Pennsylvania were sold at $3,44, and 500 bbls Western at $3,25a3,37½. Rye—Sales of 2500 bushels were made at 87½c; 2800 do were reported sold on time at 88c. Rye Flour was held at $6,62½a6,75.—Barley—Sales of 1000 bushels were made at 78c, and 800 do at 77c. Oats—Sales of 4000 bushels were made at 50c.

PROVISIONS—Sales of 100 bbls Mess Pork were made at $14,87½, and 130 do sold at $14,75, and 30 bbls thin mess sold at $13,62½. Prime do was offered at $9,50. Beef—50 bbls beef hams were sold at $10, and 70 do at $9,75a10. Lard was inactive, with a drooping tendency in prices. Cheese was also dull. Butter continues in fair demand, at previous rates.

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—"There has been no change in the Tobacco market for some weeks past. The receipts are light and the demand for shipping small, so that few sales are making. The following prices cover the sales that have been made: $2 to 3 for inferior and common; $3a7,50 for good common; $8a9 for good; $6a20 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common $2,25 a2,50; good common $2,75a3; reds $4 a10; fine wrappery red $13a20; spangled $4a10; yellow $6a12. The inspections are 970 hhds, including 570 Maryland, and 400 Ohio.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER.
No. 24 South Third Street,
Philadelphia, December 4, 1847.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	12 dis
Girard do	par
Chambersburg	½ dis
York	½ dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis
Lewistown	par
Brownsville	1 dis
Pittsburg	½ dis
Waynesburg	1½ dis
Washington	1 dis
Erie	1½ dis
Susquehanna county	1½ dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1 dis
Harrisburg	½ dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1 dis
Middletown	½ dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	1½ dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Or'nge, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rawway, P'rth Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	½ dis
Yard Del Bridge co	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	½ dis
Mineral bank	½ dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	½ dis
Washington county	½ dis
Hagerstown	½ dis
Havre-de-Grace	2 dis
Far. and Millers bk	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	par
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons	2 dis
Lewis co. bank	2 dis
Canal bk. Lockport	2 dis
White Plains bk	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Com. bk. Owego	2 dis
Oswego	30 dis
Millers', Clyde	15 dis
Country banks	½ dis

MAINE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	½ dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St. Albans	1 dis
All solvent banks	½ dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA	
Montreal	3 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk. of Va. & branch's	¾a1 dis
Far. Bk. & branch's	do dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So. West. R. R.	1½ dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
GEORGIA	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bkg. Co.	—
All solvent banks	1 dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA	
Bank of Mobile	1 dis
Country banks	3 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	1 dis
FLORIDA	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
KENTUCKY	
Notes	1½ dis
Small notes	1½ dis
INDIANA	
State bank	1½ dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	3 dis
MICHIGAN	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	5 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	60 dis
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners' bank	—

EXTRAORDINARY!!

A CURE OF BODY AND MIND.

Philadelphia, Jan 6th, 1846.

DR. D. JAYNE.—Dear Sir:—Justice compels me to make the following statement of the extraordinary effects of your valuable medicine—the ALTERATIVE.

I certify that my wife was afflicted for fourteen years, during which time her disease baffled the skill of several eminent physicians, and after finding that every means that were used failed to relieve her, I concluded to place her in the Pennsylvania Hospital, hoping that the care and treatment she would there receive from the physicians in that institution, she might again be restored to health. But to my great disappointment she grew worse, and became entirely deranged in her mind, and was obliged to take her home again "INCURABLE" and BEREFT OF REASON. I will here mention that at this time the more prominent symptoms of her disease were Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, attended with sickness of the stomach, and vomiting of a very offensive fœtid mucus, pains in the head, back and stomach, and in the region of the heart, with violent attacks of Colic, a troublesome cough from large quantities of phlegm in her throat, which kept her continually gagging and retching to throw it up. She had no appetite, and was very weak. She also suffered very much from a uterine disease by which she was confined to her bed. Add to all the above, the deranged state of her mind, (which at this time was truly awful,) and you will be able to form some idea of her afflictions.

By the advice of a friend we commenced giving her your ALTERATIVE, in the doses of a tea-spoonful three times a day, and found that it helped her. We also gave her your Vermifuge to increase her appetite, and the Sanative Pills to regulate her bowels. She had not taken two bottles of the ALTERATIVE, before it operated upon her in a wonderful manner, filling her face with small red pimples, and caused her to expectorate large quantities of corruption, before which, her breath was so offensive we could not remain in the room with her unless the doors were open. Finding the ALTERATIVE doing her so much good, we increased the dose according to the directions, and she continued to improve daily, until finally SHE WAS RESTORED TO HEALTH IN BODY AS WELL AS IN MIND!

I hope you will delay no time in laying this before the public, as I am willing to be qualified at any time to the truth of the above statement, and that it was your ALTERATIVE which cured her. SAML. FIELDS, Bedford above Marlboro street.

The above is from a well known and worthy citizen of Kensington, and a member of the Methodist Church, and hundreds of families in that neighborhood will testify to the truth of his statement.

The medicines are for sale by Dr. D. Jayne, at No. 8 South THIRD Street, Philadelphia. dec 4-3t

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA

For the removal and cure of all diseases having their origin in an impure state of the blood and depraved condition of the general system, viz: Scrofula or King's Evil in its various forms, Rheumatism, obstinate cutaneous Eruptions, Blotches, Biles, Pimples or Pustules on the face, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, enlargement or pain of the bones and joints, stubborn Ulcers, diseases arising from an injudicious use of Mercury, and other similar complaints.

It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian Bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact, that a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contains all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances, hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when half a pint contained the same medicinal value.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York.

Sold also by ASHMEAD & DICKSON, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Clippings.

☞ The bones of five hundred American soldiers whiten the earth around the famous Castle of Perote.

☞ "Are you not the man that tried to pick my pocket?" said a gentleman to a loafer, whom he recognized in a crowd. "There, now, my dear sir," said the loafer, laying his hand on the shoulder of the other, "that's enough of that. I take no interest whatever in the discussion of such subjects."

☞ Some talk has been occasioned in Cincinnati by the sudden disappearance of a young, accomplished and beautiful belle of that city. It is not feared, however, that any thing serious will happen to her—except marriage.

☞ Jean Paul, that wicked satirist of womankind, thus closes a paragraph:—"Even in Church, the women sing an octave higher than the men, in order not to agree with them in any thing."

☞ "Hard times! and we must make the most of what little we have," as the grocer said when he watered the vinegar.

☞ The Senate of New York has passed a resolution inviting Gen. Taylor to visit that State on his return to the United States.

☞ Nothing, says Bishop Stillingfleet, enlarges the gulf of Atheism more than the *wide passage* which lies between the faith and lives of men pretending to be Christians. If the principles be true, why are they not practised? If they be not true, why are they professed?

☞ Few would know the strength and value of their own truths, if they were not put upon defending them.

☞ It was lately decided in an English court, that the absence of a married man from his wife, for four years, in America, made his wife a widow.

☞ Nothing, indeed, can be more erroneous than to suppose that those women who appear the most gentle and timid, will not, when occasion requires, evince a boldness and strength of resolution, and of endurance, which would do honor to the bravest of manly friends.

☞ "Can't say I admire your style of acting," as the landlady said to the strolling player when she caught him stealing her spoons.

☞ The skirts of dresses intended for full evening costume are occasionally made rather longer behind than in front, so as to form a small train, but it appears doubtful whether this style will be generally adopted.

☞ Mrs. Kirkland tells us of a woman who was possessed of a *neat* devil—some housewives add to this an industrial devil. We think the two are equal to the legion of old times.

☞ Aristotle, on being censured for bestowing alms on a bad man, made the following noble reply:—"I did not give it to the man; I gave it to humanity."

☞ "Why is General Taylor like a stack of wheat?" Because he has never been thrashed.

☞ Some idea of the immense growth of our country may be inferred from the number of post offices added to the Government list from year to year. This addition during the present year has amounted to eight hundred and twenty-nine.

☞ Mrs. Adams, wife of President John Adams, in writing a letter to her husband, just after the battle of Bunker's Hill (Mr. Adams being then in Philadelphia,) says—"Our Johnny has come to the distinction of being post-boy between Braintree and Boston."

☞ A young lady fainted, last market morning, when told by one of the country chaps that he had chickens for sale, but they were *undressed*.

☞ As the bloom of a woman's cheek fades, the bloom of her heart ought to increase.

☞ Whilst a workman in ivory was employed in cutting some piano keys at New York the other day, his saw struck upon an English rifle bullet imbedded therein.

☞ N. P. Willis has issued a new and highly illustrated edition of his poetry. It is dedicated "To a Memory and a Hope, my Mother and my Daughter, those voiced vibrations of the link between, are affectionately inscribed."

☞ A lot of hogs, numbering 215, and averaging 265 pounds each, were sold at Louisville last week, at $4 per hundred nett.

☞ A canal is proposed across the peninsula of Florida. The expense of such an undertaking is estimated at $500,000. There can be no question as to the advantages of such a work.

☞ The bill to abolish imprisonment for life, and to substitute capital punishment, was lost in the Vermont House of Representatives, last week.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 17th to the 26th November.

November 17, received from

Items of News.

COMMON SCHOOL LAW.—The Judges of the Supreme Court, in deciding the unconstitutionality of the License Law of 1846, argued and decided, that the "Common School Law" was predicated upon different ground from the License Law—that the acts on the subject were complete before they left the Legislature, and required no further act to give them life or the compulsive power of a rule. This puts to rest all difficulty as regards the School Law.—*Upland Union, Chester county.*

EPIDEMIC LAWS.—Dr. Nott, an eminent physician of Mobile, in a recent publication, contends that the Yellow Fever, and other epidemic diseases, are governed by fixed laws. They have, he maintains, but a limited time alloted to them, which is usually six to eight weeks. The yellow fever, he says, has ceased in New Orleans without frost, and in the tropics it follows the same law, without regard to weather.

THE DE KALB CLAIM.—We learn that the petition of the family and heirs of Maj. Gen. De Kalb is about to be presented to the new Congress. The gentleman of this city, to whom they have sent their full power of attorney, has shown us a communication from the American Consul at Paris, which accompanied the power.—*Union.*

AN EARTHQUAKE.—On Monday night last, says the Richmond (Ky.) Chronicle of the 18th ult., about half-past eleven o'clock, many of our citizens distinctly heard the roar and sensibly felt the shock of an earthquake.

GENERAL TAYLOR'S RECEPTION.—Arrangements are making by the Councils of New Orleans to give General Taylor the reception which he deserves. Committees have been appointed to offer him all the hospitalities of the city.

NEWSPAPERS IN BOSTON.—There are no less than *forty-five* newspapers published in the city of Boston.

☞ Ten tons of fine poultry arrived at Boston, a day or two ago, by the Eastern Railroad.

Casualties.

A STEAMBOAT BURNT.

On Sunday week the Propeller Phœnix, bound up Lake Michigan, was discovered to be on fire. The account from which we quote, which we hope may prove exaggerated, says:

The fire broke out under the deck, and a fresh wind prevailing, spread with fearful rapidity. The utmost consternation prevailed among the passengers, and it was impossible amidst the excitement which followed, to make the proper efforts to stay the flames and save the boat.

There were over two hundred passengers on board, and the scene was heart-rending in the extreme. Mothers crying in frantic madness for their children—wives clinging to their husbands, and crying aloud for mercy from above. Some in desperation plunged into the Lake—others in their wild delirium rushed headlong into the flames.

It was a harrowing spectacle, and humanity shudders at the recital of it. Most of the passengers succeeded in escaping in the boats, and the rest either perished in the flames, or were drowned.

Capt. Sweet, who was lying on a bed of sickness, was saved in one of the boats.

Those who so miraculously escaped in the boats, were shortly after picked up by the steamer Delaware, which hove in sight just in time to witness the dreadful fate of those on board the ill-starred Phœnix, but too late to render them any assistance. Every attention was paid to the survivors by the officers and crew of the Delaware. One hundred and fifty of the passengers were German immigrants. The Phœnix was owned by Pease & Allen, of Cleveland, and insured for $15,000.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES—Single Copies: DAILY, $5—SEMI-WEEKLY, $3—WEEKLY, $2. See terms to Clubs below.

THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

WE ARE ON THE EVE OF ANOTHER Presidential Election. Let none fancy that, since it is approached so calmly, it will be conducted sluggishly and terminated without excitement. Whoever cherishes such an illusion mistakes the character of the American People and the impulses which sway them. Equally idle is the imagination that Party lines are to be effaced and broken down in the contest—that the prestige of some heroic achievement or the glitter of an epaulette is to chase from the popular mind all memory of the radical differences of sentiment which have so often arrayed one-half our countrymen in fierce conflict with the other. Idle chimeras these! offspring of an empty heart or a sickly brain! With the progress of events a particular measure may become more or less important, the emphatic assertion of a certain principle more or less essential, but the question of questions remains and will remain. At one time, the establishment or maintenance of a Sound and Uniform Currency, at another, the upbuilding and cherishing of new or feeble branches of Home Industry; at another, the proper disposition of the Proceeds of the Public Lands; at a fourth, Peace or War, Spoliation or Justice; but underneath all these, mightier than any, more enduring than all, lives ever the elemental difference in which parties have their origin—on one side the idea that Government should be CREATIVE, CONSTRUCTIVE, BENEFICENT; on the other, the ...

ALMANAC.

Dec. 1847.	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
				D. H. M.
4 Saturday,	7 20	4 40	11 58	
5 Sunday,	7 21	4 39	12 43	
6 Monday,	7 21	4 39	1 24	
7 Tuesday,	7 22	4 38	2 3	
8 Wedn'sday,	7 22	4 38	2 93	New 7 3 1
9 Thursday,	7 23	4 37	3 17	First 14 9 56
10 Friday,	7 23	4 37	3 55	Full 21 4 38
11 Saturday,	7 23	4 37	4 34	Last 29 8 18

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

	9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Nov. 21,	43	47	49
22,	44	52	52
23,	53	63	64
24,	62	63	64
25,	56	59	60
26,	40	44	45
27,	34	36	38

Married,

On the 28th ultimo, by the Reverend Levi Scott, Mr. JOHN ELLIOTT, to Miss HENRIETTA NELSON, all of this city.

On the 16th ultimo, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. ISAAC PATTON, to Miss SARAH G. FORDE, daughter of the late George Forde, Esq. both of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Christian J. Page, Mr. WILLIAM THOMAS, to Mrs. ELLEN LEECH, all of Bristol Township, Philadelphia county, Pa.

On the 18th ult. by John A. White, Esq. WILLIAM WILLIAMSON, to SARAH ANN BROWN, both of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. J. D. Curtis, Mr. WM. H. CURTIS, of Philadelphia, to Miss SARAH S. SMYTH, of Cecil county, Md.

On the 25th ult. at St. Joseph's Church, by the Rev. Felix J. Barbelin, Mr. AUGUSTUS MERINO, to Miss AMELIA M. LUKENS, all of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Thomas G. Allen, Mr. ROSS NICHOLS, to Mrs. MARIA RITTER.

On the 15th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Clay, Mr. WILLIAM H. DILKS, to Miss MERCY ANN DILKES, both of Philadelphia.

On the 21st ult. by the same, Mr. JOHN FISHER, to Miss ELLEN COURY, both of Philadelphia county.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Neville, HENRY R. WILSON, of Somerset county, N. Jersey, to REBECCA H. daughter of Nath. P. Hood, of this city.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. G. W. Bethune, D. D., MAHLON D. LIVENSETTER, to JANE E. daughter of Geo. W. Morris, all of this city.

On the 24th ult. by the Rev. E. J. Sourin, Mr. FREDERICK SCHNATZ, Jr. of Southwark, to Miss CATHARINE ANN FASY, of Spring Garden.

On the 11th ult. by the Rev. J. L. Grant, ROBERT J. RULE, to ELIZA YOUNG, all of Philadelphia.

On the 23d ult. by the Rev. Mr. Smither, Mr. ROBT. F. MUSTIN, to Miss ELIZABETH, daughter of Thos Hurley, of Salem, N. J.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Mr. Janeway, Mr. CLAYTON B. REYBOLD, of Delaware, to Miss CATHARINE A. daughter of Mr. George Barron, of this city.

On the 3d of September, by the Rev. John Taylor, SAMUEL S. MONEY, to MARY D. MITCHELL, all of Southwark.

On the 18th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Lacy, Mr. ISAAC DAVIS, to Miss MARTHA T. SMITH, both of this city.

On the 2d ult. by the Rev. J. Neville, Mr. FREDERICK H. WHEELER, to Miss FRANCES KEAMS, both of London, England.

Died,

On the 25th ult. MARGARET CULNAN, aged 91 years.

☞ A SUITABLE PRESENT FOR A FATHER TO PRESENT TO HIS FAMILY. ☜

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE FOR CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR,

WHICH CAN BE MAILED TO ANY PART OF THE UNITED STATES FOR FOUR CENTS POSTAGE.

THE January Number of our FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR 1848, will be ready to go by mail on the 10th of December. This Number will be complete in itself, and contain a great variety of literary and other interesting matter; the whole illustrated with

FIFTEEN ELEGANT ENGRAVINGS,

each one occupying an entire page of the work. We expect to circulate many thousands of this elegant periodical throughout the Union. The Plates are all executed in a peculiarly chaste and perfect manner; and any one of them is worth the price of the Work.

The following is a list of the principal Engravings that will be published in the January Number, viz:—

1. A splendid View of BOSTON COMMON, being the largest Public Ground in America.
2. WINTER SCENERY.—An elegant Plate.
3. MARTIN LUTHER AND HIS FAMILY.
4. UNITED STATES BANK, (now Custom-house,) Philadelphia.
5. PORTRAIT OF WASHINGTON, and the COAT OF ARMS of each State in the Union, occupying one elegant page.
6. Do. of JOHN HANCOCK, and View of his old FAMILY RESIDENCE, still standing in Boston.
7. ANCIENT TOMBS.—Several Plates.
8. VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND.—Do. do.
9. A DOMESTIC SCENE, for Youth.

With others, worthy of being preserved by all who love their country, and take an interest in the advancement of True Knowledge and Virtue among the great body of the People.

☞ The whole of these Plates are accompanied with interesting written descriptions, making the Number invaluable as a Present to young people.

NOTICE TO PURCHASERS & SUBSCRIBERS.

Every purchaser of the "PICTORIAL MAGAZINE," should bear in mind that the first impressions of Engravings are always the handsomest and most valuable; and as justice requires that we should adhere to the old maxim, "first come, first served," those who are anxious to possess themselves of the best copies, cannot forward their money too soon. We always record the names of subscribers on our books in rotation, as their money is received, and forward the Magazine accordingly. We shall positively commence sending to subscribers in the country by the *Tenth of December*; so you cannot send on your money too soon.

The price of this Number will be

ONLY 12½ CENTS PER COPY,

Or Ten Copies will be sent by Mail for One Dollar.

Letters enclosing remittances must be post-paid in full. The silver change for a single copy or for three or four copies, may be thus remitted, (*postage paid*,) at our risk; but when you send silver, please envelope it carefully in a *half-sheet* of writing-paper, so that it will not slip out, and so that it will be subject to only *single postage*.

☞ All orders should specify distinctly the town, county, and state, where the Magazine is to be forwarded, and should be addressed (*post paid*) to

ROBERT SEARS,
128 Nassau Street, New York.

☞ Any newspaper in the United States, copying the above Advertisement, and giving it one insertion, shall receive six copies of the above Number, as soon as we receive the paper with the advertisement ...

DR. ROBY'S BRAZILIAN

HAIR CURLING LIQUID.

THIS ELEGANT PREPARATION has been tested by many in this city to their entire satisfaction. It curls the hair beautifully, resembling nature in her greatest perfection, and is *warranted not to injure it in the least*. A single trial will convince the most incredulous that it is unsurpassed.

No lady's toilet should be without it, if she values
"*The flowing ringlet and the witching curl*,"
as its use dispenses with the heated irons which do injure the hair by crisping and burning it.

The numerous references we are authorized to give to those who desire it, prove it to be all that the proprietor claims for it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.—The popularity and demand for this article has led certain persons to pre...

THE LADIES' GARLAND AND DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

The undersigned having purchased from Mr. J. Van Court "The Ladies' Garland," designs issuing it at the commencement of the New Volume, in January, 1848, in an improved style, and by adding to it such new and attractive features as shall serve to entitle it to a high position among the literary periodicals of the day. Possessing considerable experience, and combining with that experience extensive facilities for presenting to the public one of the best and cheapest magazines in the country, he is determined to tax his exertions to the utmost, in order to render the "Garland" more worthy than ever of the liberal patronage it has already received, and gain for it a wider and more enlarged sphere of usefulness.

It will not be expected that, in the limits of a brief Prospectus, he should go into an enlarged detail of the improvements he intends to carry into the publication of this excellent periodical; suffice it to say, that whilst the best literary and artistic talent in the country will be engaged to add attraction to the pages of "The Ladies' Garland," its readers will be compelled to admit that their patronage was never bestowed on a more meritorious publication. In short, it is the proprietor's intention to make it one of the best and most popular, as it undoubtedly will be the

CHEAPEST MAGAZINE IN THE UNITED STATES.

The large outlay of capital which the prosecution of his plans must necessarily involve, can only be justified by a corresponding increase of patronage on the part of the literary public. That this will be secured he cannot doubt, nor does he question the fact that when the subscribers to the "Garland" see a specimen of what he intends that Magazine to be, they will wonder how so superior a publication can possibly be furnished for the insignificant price of its subscription. They may be assured, however, that every promise made shall be scrupulously fulfilled, and the merits of the "Garland" be so enhanced, as to win its way to public favor in a manner unexampled in the history of the popular literature of America.

TERMS.

The terms upon which the "*Ladies' Garland and Dollar Magazine*" will be furnished, are as follows:—

1 copy,	One Dollar.	15 Copies,	Nine Dollars.
4 copies,	Three Dollars.	18 "	Ten Dollars.
7 "	Five Dollars.	30 "	Fifteen Dollars.

☞ Orders must, in all cases, be accompanied by the money. Address, SAML. D. PATTERSON, Publisher "Ladies' Garland and Dollar Magazine," No. 98 Chesnut street, Philadelphia. dec 4-4t

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE.

G. B. ZIEBER & Co. will commence, with the ensuing year, (January 1st, 1848,) the issue of a new publication, entitled,

SONGS FOR THE PEOPLE,

Edited by ALBERT G. EMERICK, Professor of Music. Illustrated with NUMEROUS ENGRAVINGS, from Original Designs, by W. CROOME & Co.

PROSPECTUS.

Encouraged by the liberal and continued patronage bestowed by an enlightened public on the excellent literary and scientific work entitled INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE, the publishers have determined to issue in a truly elegant and liberal style, a work which shall present to their countrymen specimens of the

FINE ARTS, OF POETRY, PAINTING AND MUSIC,

Combined in one harmonious whole, so as to delight the eye, the ear, and the imagination at once, at the same time that it shall gratify and enlighten taste, awaken national and patriotic associations, and convey useful information respecting our

NATIONAL MUSIC AND POETRY.

Selected Poetry.

COPY FROM THE DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.

MINISTERING ANGELS.

BY EMILY C. CHUBBUCK.

Mother, has the dove that nestled
Lovingly upon thy breast,
Folded up its little pinions,
And in darkness gone to rest?
Say, the prayer is dark and dreary,
But the lost one is not there,
Know'st thou not its gentle whisper
Floating on the midnight air?

It is near thee, gentle mother,
Near though fled to realms unknown;
Its soft kiss is in the zephyr,
It broke up from every flower.
And when Night's dark shadows darting,
Low their tendrils there in prayer,
And thy heart feels nearest Heaven
Then thy angel babe is there

Maiden, has thy noble brother,
On whose manly form thine eye
Love'd fall oft in pride to linger,
On whose heart thou could'st rely,
Though all other hearts deceived thee,
All proved hollow, earth grew bare
Where protection, ever o'er thee,
Had been from the cold world's snare—
He is left thee here to journey,
All unaided on thy way!
Say, he still can guide and guard thee,
Still thy faltering steps can stay;
Still when danger lowers o'er thee,
He can interpose in love and power,
Which has pillowed all thy head
Now is cold, thy mother's spirit
Cannot rise among the dead
Still her watchful eye is o'er thee,
Through the day, and still at night.
Here for you that guards thy slumber,
Making thy young dreams so bright
Oh! the tongue, the fond heart's refuge,
How we weep to see them die—
All unthinking they're the angels
That will guide me to the sky!

Life at Sea.

THE SAILOR; OR THE VALUE OF A POTATO.

FROM THE FARMERS' CABINET.

In the Farmers' Cabinet for last month, is reprinted an article by the late S. G. Perkins, of Boston, on the morals at the different varieties of pears; and in illustration of the diversities of taste in relation to fruits, an anecdote is related of a sailor, who, just from a voyage, had chosen from a rich variety of fruits in Boston market, a green cucumber, and while greedily eating it, tasted, but said no one of the almond-pie-tasters, "If you will believe me, sir, it is the first I have tasted this year." New York thought, by this remark, he fairly explained to the bystanders, the ground of the impolicity to know his wishes by the "instinctive;" and so he did, for these about him were somewhat familiar with the habits of the sailor and his wants. But the editor of the Horticulturist has a note upon this anecdote, which shows conclusively, I think, that he is not familiar with them; and I feel quite sure, if at all necessitated in my attempt to explain the matter, I shall receive his thanks. "We should rather incline to call this an instance of the sailor's coarse appetite, than his taste." This is the beginning of the note, what follows being a just criticism on the misapplication of the word taste, and not explanatory of the pear quoted.

To the words "coarse appetite," I object, as implying moral degradation, or, vulgar capacity, whereas, Jack was in no degree accountable for the appetite; for his taste was departed or destroyed by circumstances, over which he had no control; and, rather, his blood was vitiated, his body predisposed to disease by a long voyage; and the peculiar appetite, like the instincts of the lower animals, was the pointing of unerring Wisdom to the best attainable remedy: and I am sure the editor of the Horticulturist would not call anything proceeding from that source, "common or unclean."

It is difficult for him who has all his life breathed an atmosphere teeming with the ejectations of the fresh earth, and who has known no want of its recent products upon his table, to conceive the feelings, the longings of him, who for six successive months has not been gladdened by the sight of and by the salt or, the salt spray, "salt junk," and weather-beaten bread, with water that has long ceased to be pure, his sole companions and support.

I believe the whaling fleet from the United States alone, employs about ten thousand men—many of them our great grain home that years ago touching or ports every four to six months, for such fresh water and vegetables as the port may furnish; but as the "fishing grounds" are almost wholly intertropical, such vegetables as they obtain keep but a short time; hence the condition of the men on those long voyages, is often such as I have represented; only sometimes they are on a short allowance of this hard fare. But the scurvy slopes under these circumstances, before entire begin to surround; scorbutic symptoms appear; languor, debility, blowness of the mouth, and frequent offensive scent; and when the depredation is greatly protracted, it is not unusual to find a considerable part of the crew off duty from this cause. The sailor who prides himself upon his alacrity in the performance of his rugged offices, slow and dull, by day and by night, in his 'weather' and lee, assumes an unwonted and his ambition; he has no pride, but he just smells his appetite for such as the ship affords, feels, and is conscious of being absent a few more weeks or days, and a watery blood from him, his breathing is labored, offensive of water is taking place on the chest; he can no longer go aloft, and soon he goes below, never to re-ascend on deck, unless lately assistance to his aid. All these symptoms are manifested with poor; but they are preceded and accompanied throughout with the incessant longing for fresh vegetables; and these—with an exception or two, not here worth noticing—are but partially remedied with them in force, without them no flee. The paintings of nature, in this case, are both unconscious and instructive; the means, the motive and all of such traits, are acceptable and useful; but the most urgent call is for the crudest vegetables, as the potato, the cabbage, &c., and this in their rudest state, uncooked—raw! Yes, the Irish potato, raw! Every sailor who has been so placed, and every physician who has been much concerned with their diseases, knows that these are the very remedies, and the very mode of obtaining them, that speedily and most surely restores the prostrated man to health.

Now, a ship with three-fourths of her crew below, and five of the remainder quite well, "puts away" for the land; but she is to be weeks, good sailing, from the nearest port, and some of her sick must be buried in the ocean without many friends mind. Here and there every one would feel a passing sympathy—a common occurrence in the mid-Pacific—with a ship that may be here from some haven, and yet have a fair share of vegetables. The ship is hailed, and—what is more precious than silver or golden—the potatoes are obtained—the captain in the kindness—to be who has seen, in the "far West," at least lessens the list of sail, can conceive of the scene on board that lucky ship. "Eighteen sick, and six below, all told; one a puncheon, boys, for the swell and two sorts, for the sick, daily." All right, sir!" Quickly the fatty silicious rage for fat roots; and soon, within a few years, carpenters are approximating again to the old sharp form of roots. "Man hath not made too nearly perpendicular, they are too expensive, and give no valuable room in proportion to their surface. When they are too fat they fail to carry of the water readily, and the shingles remaining wet for a long time after a shower, become rotten in a few years.

Roofs ought to pitch about forty-five degrees, in order to carry off the water well. Your gutter will then be worth something; though gutter seem to the most costly of any, and of the least value; but it is much something.

We may have something to offer in our next paper in regard to the materials for farm buildings, particularly for houses. We may build at less cost than we have done, and yet not violate the right kind of polite. The dismal, gingerbread work that often appears in what are called stylish cottages, is not in good taste. There is too much labor bestowed in making ugly angles that are not easily kept in repair, and in many other ways. The best rule principle should always be kept in view—that the outside should be so formed as to afford the least surface possible, and free from angles. There is then a chance for its turning off the water well and it is readily repaired.—Massachusetts Ploughman.

COTTON.

Georgia Sea Island Cotton is of a dull better lot, the filament being some three times longer than that of the India Cotton wool. The fibres are cylindrico-spiral, and hence the ease with which they can spun into cotton thread.

Georgia Upland Cotton is good for coarse yarns. The staple is short, light, and feeble. It was called for a long time "Seed Cotton," on the fact that it was separated from the seed by the fingers of a boy-scrubbing.

Tennessee Cotton is of nearly the same quality as Georgia Upland, except that is cleaner, and the staple a little longer.

New-Orleans Cotton is superior to the last two named kinds, and may be said to occupy a middle point between Sea-Island and Georgia Upland.

Pernambuco Cotton has a fine, long staple, clean and uniform, and yarns made from it are in request for the finer stuffs and laces.

Demerara, Bermuda, and Maranham Cottons are of fine staple, and well cleaned. They are spun into a fair most yarn.

Bahia Cotton is better than either of the two kinds last mentioned.

Surinam Cotton has a long staple, and is faintly tinged with yellow. It is clean, and much sought after by hosiers.

West India Cotton is from Bourbon seed—the staple is fine and silky, but not well prepared.

Barbadoes Cotton has a short staple, but is silky and strong. It appears in the market with much dirt.—Anderson's Encyclopedia.

BEAT THE WORD OUT.—John A. Turley, Esq., raised on his farm, in this (Scioto) county, the present season, one hundred and sixty bushels of corn on the acre of land. This is doing up farming after the old Egyptian fashion.—Portsmouth Chipper.

Fun and Frolic.

CHEESE VERSUS CANNON SHOT.

The greatest ammunition that we have heard of lately, was used by the celebrated Commodore Coe, of the Mesotechnic Navy, who, in an engagement with Admiral Bowers, of the Bunker Hill swan service, fired every shot from his lockers.

"What shall we do, sir?" asked his first lieutenant—"we've not a single shot on board, except grape, canister, and double headed, are all gone."

"Double headed, eh?" exclaimed Coe.

"No, sir, our last lots of that yet."

"We had a confounded hard cheese—a round Dutch one, for dessert at dinner to-day, don't you remember it?" said Coe.

"I ought to—I broke the carving knife in trying to cut it, sir."

"Are there any more aboard?"

"About two dozen—we took 'em from a dozen Dutchmen."

"Well they go into the 18 pounders?"

"By thunder, Commodore, but that's the idea I'll try them," cried the first half.

And in a few minutes the fire of the old "Santa Maria," (Coe's ship,) which had ceased entirely, was re-opened, and Admiral Brown found more shot flying over his head. Directly one of them struck his main mast, and a piece flew off, shattering and dew in every direction.

"What the devil is that which the enemy's firing?" asked Admiral Brown—but nobody could tell.

Directly another one came in through a port and knocked down a gun, her dec